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AN ORATION, DELIVERED ON MONDAY, FOURTH OF
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In Commemoration of American Independence, before the Supreme Executive of the Commonwealth, and the City Council and Inhabitants of the City of Boston. By Charles Sprague. Printed by Order of the City Council. Boston: True and Greene—City Printers. 1825.

ORATION.

WHY, on *this day*, lingers along these sacred walls, the spirit-kindling anthem? Why, on *this day*, waits the herald of God at the altar, to utter forth his holy prayer? Why, on *this day*, congregate here the wise, and the good, and the beautiful of the land?—Fathers! Friends! it is the SABBATH DAY OF FREEDOM! The race of the ransomed, with grateful hearts and exulting voices, have again come up, in the sunlight of peace, to the Jubilee of their Independence!

The story of our country's sufferings, our country's triumphs, though often and eloquently told, is still a story that cannot tire, and must not be forgotten. You will listen to its recital, however unadorned; and I shall not fear, therefore, even from the place where your chosen ones have so long stood, to delight and enlighten, I shall not fear to address you. Though I tell you no new thing, I speak of that, which can never fall coldly on your ears. You will listen, for you are the sons and daughters of the heroic men, who lighted the beacon of "rebellion," and unfurled, by its blaze, the triumphant banner of liberty; your own blood will speak for me. A feeble few of that intrepid band are now among you, yet spared by the grave for your veneration; they will speak for me. Their sinking forms, their bleached locks, their honourable scars;—these will, indeed, speak for me. Undaunted men! how must their dim eyes brighten, and their old hearts grow young with rapture, as they look round on the happiness of their own crea-

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tion. Long may they remain, our glad and grateful gaze, to teach us all, that we may treasure all, of the hour of doubt and danger; and when their God shall summon them to a glorious rest, may they bear to their departed comrades the confirmation of their country's renown. and their children's felicity.

We meet to indulge in pleasing reminiscences. One happy household, we have come round the table of memory, to banquet on the good deeds of others, and to grow good ourselves, by that on which we feed. Our hope for remembrance, our desire to remember friends and benefactors, are among the warmest and purest sentiments of our nature. To the former we cling stronger, as life itself grows weaker. We know that we shall forget, but the thought of being forgotten, is the death-knell to the spirit. Though our bodies moulder, we would have our memories live. When we are gone, we shall not hear the murmuring voice of affection, the grateful tribute of praise; still, we love to believe that voice will be raised, and that tribute paid. Few so humble, that they sink below, none so exalted, that they rise above, this common feeling of humanity. The shipwrecked sailor, thrown on a shore where human eye never lightened, before he scoops in the burning sand his last, sad resting-place, scratches on a fragment of his shattered bark the record of his fate, in the melancholy hope that it may some day be repeated to the dear ones, who have long looked out in vain for his coming. The laurelled warrior, whose foot has trodden on crowns, whose hand has divided empires, when he sinks on victory's red field, and life flies hunted from each quivering vein, turns his last mortal thought on that life to come, his country's brightest page.

The remembrance we so ardently desire, we render unto others. To those who are dear, we pay our dearest tribute. It is exhibited in the most simple, in the most sublime forms. We behold it in the child, digging a little grave for its dead favourite, and marking the spot with a willow twig and a tear. We behold it in the congregated nation, setting up on high its monumental pile to the mighty. We beheld it, lately, on that green plain, dyed with freedom's first blood; on that proud hill, ennobled as freedom's first fortress; when the tongues of the Eloquent, touched with creative fire, seemed to bid the dust beneath them live, and the long-buried come forth. We behold it now, here, in this consecrated temple, where we have assembled to pay our annual debt of gratitude, to talk of the bold deeds of our ancestors, from the day of peril, when they wrestled with the savage for his birthright, to the day of glory, when they proclaimed a new charter to man, and gave a new nation to the world.

ROLL back the tide of time: how powerfully to us applies the promise: "I will give thee the heathen for an inheritance." Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that

exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved *another* race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze, in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted for ever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there, a stricken few remain, but how unlike their bold, untamed, untameable progenitors! *The Indian*, of falcon glance, and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conquerer is on his neck.

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them for ever. Ages hence, the in-

quisive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

To the PIOUS, who, in this desert region built a city of refuge, little less than to the BRAVE, who round that city reared an impregnable wall of safety, we owe the blessings of this day. To enjoy, and to perpetuate religious freedom, the sacred herald of civil liberty, they deserted their native land, where the foul spirit of persecution was up in its fury, and where mercy had long wept at the enormities perpetrated in the abused names of Jehovah and Jesus. "Resist unto blood;" blind zealots had found in the bible, and lamentably indeed, did they fulfil the command. With "Thus saith the Lord," the engines of cruelty were set in motion, and many a martyr spirit like the ascending prophet from Jordan's bank, escaped in fire to heaven.

It was in this night of time, when the incubus of bigotry sat heavy on the human soul;—

When crown and crosier ruled a coward world
And mental darkness o'er the nations curled,—
When, wrapt in sleep, earth's torpid children lay,
Hugged their vile chains, and dreamed their age away,—
'Twas then, by faith impelled, by freedom fired,
By hope supported, and by God inspired,—
'Twas then the pilgrims left their fathers' graves,
To seek a HOME beyond the waste of waves;
And where it rose, all rough and wintry, HERE,
They swelled devotion's song, and dropped devotion's tear.

Can we sufficiently admire the firmness of this little brotherhood, thus self banished from their country? Unkind and cruel it was true, but still their country? There they were born, and there, where the lamp of life was lighted, they had hoped it would go out. There a father's hand had led them, a mother's smile had warmed them. There were the haunts of their boyish days, their kinsfolk, their friends, their recollections, their all. Yet all was left; even while their heart-strings bled at the parting, all was left; and a stormy sea, a savage waste, and a fearful destiny, were encountered—for HEAVEN, and for YOU.

It is easy enough to praise, when success has sanctified the act: and to fancy that we, too, could endure a heavy trial, which is to be followed by a rich reward. But before the deed is crowned, while the doers are yet about us, bearing like ourselves the common infirmities of the flesh, we stand aloof, and are not always ready to discern the spirit that sustains and exalts them. When centuries of experience have rolled away, we laud the exploit on which we might have frowned, if we had lived with those who

left their age behind to achieve it. We read of empires founded, and people redeemed, of actions embalmed by time, and hallowed by romance, and our hearts leap at the lofty recital: we feel it would be a glorious thing to snatch the laurels of immortal fame. But it is in the day of doubt, when the result is hidden in clouds, when danger stands in every path, and death is lurking in every corner; it is then, that the men who are born for great occasions, start boldly from the world's trembling multitude, and swear to "do, or die."

Such men were they who *peopled*;—such men, too, were they who *preserved* these shores. Of these latter giant spirits, who battled for independence, we are to remember that destruction awaited defeat. They were "rebels," obnoxious to the fate of "rebels." They were tearing asunder the ties of loyalty, and hazarding all the sweet endearments of social and domestic life. They were unfriended, weak, and wanting. Going thus forth, against a powerful and vindictive foe, what could they dare to hope? what had they not to dread? They could not tell, but that vengeance would hunt them down, and infamy hang its black scutcheon over their graves. They did not know that the angel of the Lord would go forth with them and smite the invaders of their sanctuary. They did not know that generation after generation, would, on this day, rise up and call them blessed; that the sleeping quarry would leap forth to pay them voiceless homage; that their names would be handed down, from father to son, the penman's theme, and the poet's inspiration; challenging, through countless years, the jubilant praises of an emancipated people, and the plaudits of an admiring world! No! They knew, only, that the arm which should protect, was oppressing them, and they shook it off; that the chalice presented to their lips was a poisoned one, and they dashed it away. They knew, only, that a rod was stretched over them for their audacity; and beneath this they vowed never to bend, while a single pulse could beat the larum to "rebellion." That rod must be broken, or they must bleed! And it was broken! Led on by their WASHINGTON, the heroes went forth. Clothed in the panoply of a righteous cause they went forth boldly. Guarded by a good Providence, they went forth triumphantly. They laboured, that we might find rest; they fought, that we might enjoy peace; they conquered, that we might inherit freedom!

You will not now expect a detail of the actions of that eventful struggle. To the annalists of your country belongs the pleasing task of tracing the progress of a revolution, the purest in its origin, and the most stupendous in its consequences, that ever gladdened the world. To their fidelity we commit the wisdom which planned, and the valour which accomplished it. The dust of every contested mound, of every rescued plain, will whisper to them their duty, for it is dust that breathed and bled; the hallowed dust of men who would be free, or nothing.

There, in the sweet hour of eventide, the child of sentiment will linger, and conjure up their martyr forms. Heroes, with their garments rolled in blood, will marshal round him. The thrilling life-note, the drum's heart-kindling beat, will again run down the shadowy ranks; the short, commanding word, the fatal volley, the dull death-groan, the glad *hurrah!* again will break on his cheated ear. The battle that sealed his country's fate, his country's freedom, will rage before him in all its dreadful splendour. And when the airy pageant of his fancy fades in the gathering mists, he will turn his footsteps from the sacred field, with a warmer gratitude, and a deeper reverence for the gallant spirits who resigned dear life, in defence of life's dear blessing.

The "feelings, manners, and principles" which led to the declaration of the fourth of July, '76, shine forth in the memorable language of its great author. He and his bold brethren proclaimed that all men were created equal, and endowed by their Creator with the right of liberty; that for the security of this right, government was instituted, and that, when it violated its trust, the governed might abolish it. That crisis, they declared, had arrived; and the injuries and usurpations of the parent country were no longer to be endured. Recounting the dark catalogue of abuses which they had suffered, and appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions; in the name, and by the authority of the people, the only fountain of legitimate power, they shook off for ever their allegiance to the British crown, and pronounced the united colonies an Independent Nation!

What their "feelings, manners, and principles" led them to publish, their wisdom, valour, and perseverance enabled them to establish. The blessings secured by the pilgrims and the patriots, have descended to us. In the virtue and intelligence of the inheritors we confide for their duration. They who attained them have left us their example, and bequeathed us their blood. We shall never forget the one, unless we prove recreant to the other. On the Dorick columns of religious and civil liberty, a majestic temple has been reared, and they who dwell within its walls, will never bow in bondage to man, till they forget to bend in reverence to God.

The achievement of American Independence was not merely the separation of a few obscure colonies from their parent realm; it was the practical annunciation to created man, that he was created *free!* and it will stand in history, the epoch from which to compute the real duration of political liberty. Intolerance and tyranny had for ages leagued to keep their victim down. While the former could remain the pious guardian of his conscience, the latter knew it had nothing to fear from his courage. He was theirs, soul and body. His intellectual energies were paralyzed, that he might not behold the corruptions of the church; and his

physical powers were fettered, that he could not rise up against the abuses of the state. Thus centuries of darkness rolled away. Light broke, from time to time, but it only served to show the surrounding clouds; bright stars, here and there, looked out, but they were the stars of a gloomy night. At length, the morning dawned, when one generation of your ancestors willed that none but their Maker should guide them in their duty as Christians; and the perfect day shone forth, when another declared that from none but their Maker would they derive their immunities as men. The world had seen the former secure a privilege, whose original denial would have left their faith asleep in its founder's sepulchre; and they now beheld the latter in the enjoyment of rights, without which, their freedom would have been palsied at the footstool of a monarch's throne.

If, in remembering the oppressed, you think the oppressors ought not to be forgotten, I might urge that the splendid result of the great struggle should fully reconcile us to the madness of those, who rendered that struggle necessary. I can almost forgive the presumption which "declared" its right "to bind the American colonies," for it was wofully expiated by the humiliation which "acknowledged" those same "American colonies" to be "Sovereign and Independent States." The immediate workers, too, of that political iniquity have passed away. The mildew of shame will for ever feed upon their memories, and a brand has been set upon their deeds, that even time's all-gnawing tooth can never destroy. But they *have* passed away; and of all the millions they misruled, the millions they *would* have misruled, how few remain! Another race is there to lament the folly, another here to magnify the wisdom, that cut the knot of empire. Shall these inherit and entail everlasting enmity? Like the Carthaginian Hamilcar, shall we come up hither with our children, and on this holy altar swear the pagan oath of undying hate; Even our goaded fathers disdained this. Let us fulfil their words, and prove to the people of England, that, "in peace," we know how to treat them "as friends." They have been twice told that, "in war," we know how to meet them "as enemies;" and they will hardly ask another lesson, for it may be, that when the *third* trumpet shall sound, a voice will echo along their sea-girt cliffs: "*The Glory has departed!*"

Some few of their degenerate ones, tainting the bowers where they sit, decry the growing greatness of a land they will not love; and others, after eating from our basket, and drinking from our cup, go home to pour forth the senseless libel against a people at whose firesides they were warmed. But a few pens, dipped in gall, will not retard our progress; let not a few tongues, festering in falsehood, disturb our repose. We have those among us, who are able both to pare the talons of the kite, and pull out the fangs.

of the viper; who can lay bare, for the disgust of all good men, the gangrene of the insolent reviewer, and inflict such a cruel mark on the back of the mortified runaway, as will long take from him the blessed privilege of being forgotten.

These high and low detractors speak not, we trust, the feelings of their nation. Time, the great corrector, is there fast enlightening both ruler and ruled. They are treading in our steps, and gradually, though slowly, pulling up their ancient religious and political landmarks. Yielding to the liberal spirit of the age, a spirit born and fostered here, they are not only loosening their own long rivetted shackles, but are raising the voice of encouragement, and extending the hand of assistance, to the "rebels" of other climes.

In spite of all that has passed, we owe England much; and even on this occasion, standing in the midst of my generous-minded countrymen, I may fearlessly, willingly, acknowledge the debt. We owe England much; nothing for her martyrdoms; nothing for her proscriptions; nothing for the innocent blood with which she has stained the white robes of religion and liberty—these claims our fathers cancelled, and her monarch rendered them and theirs a full acquittance for ever—but for the living treasures of her mind, garnered up and spread abroad for centuries, by her great and gifted. Who that has drank at the sparkling streams of her poetry, who that has drawn from the deep fountains of her wisdom; who that speaks, and reads, and *thinks* her language, will be slow to own his obligation? One of your purest, ascended patriots,* he, who compassed sea and land for liberty, whose early voice for her echoed round yonder consecrated hall, whose dying accents for her went up in solitude and suffering from the ocean;—when he sat down to bless with the last token of a father's remembrance, the son, who wears his mantle with his name,—bequeathed him the recorded lessons of England's best and wisest, and sealed the legacy of love with a prayer, whose full accomplishment we live to witness:—"that the spirit of LIBERTY might rest upon him."

While we bring our offerings for the mighty of our own land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of other shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe? Pile to the clouds the majestic columns of glory, let the lips of those who can speak well, hallow each spot where the bones of your Bold repose; but forget not those who with your Bold went out to battle.

Among these men of noble daring, there was ONE, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succour, were not *his*

* See Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr. by his Son, Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston.

people; he knew them only in the wicked story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide his cold heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood, his kinsmen were about him, his wife was before him.

Yet from all these he turned away, and came. Like a lofty tree, that shakes down its green glories, to battle with the winter storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride, to crusade for freedom, in freedom's holy land. He came; but not in the day of successful rebellion, not when the new-risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briars cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favour of God.

It was then, that this ONE joined the ranks of a revolted people. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage, with theirs his arm was lifted; with theirs his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of liberty, and, at her pure shrine, the pilgrim warrior, with his adored COMMANDER, knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose up, and crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet towards his long deserted home.

After nearly fifty years, that ONE has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel, the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it, and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes round him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him, the learned deck their halls to greet him, the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage. How his full heart labours! He views the rusting trophies of departed days, he treads the high places where his brethren moulder, he bends before the tomb of his "FATHER;"—his words are tears; the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land, and a joyous race, he beholds the blessings those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that

"FATHER" lived; and again his words are tears; the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitudes revive;—and of all the pageant splendours that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom, but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people, but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless chief! of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for him alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendour; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of LA FAYETTE!

THEY who endured the burden of the conflict, are fast going to their rest. Every passing gale sighs over another veteran's grave, and ere long, the last sage, and the last old soldier of the revolution, will be seen no more. Soon, too soon, will you seek in vain for even one, who can tell you of that day of stout hearts and strong hands. You lately beheld on yonder glorious hill, a group of ancient men, baring their grey heads beneath the blaze of heaven; but never more at such a sight will your grateful hearts grow soft. These will never again assemble on earth. They have stood together in war, they have congregated in peace, their next meeting will be in the fields of eternity. They must shortly sleep in the bosom of the land they redeemed, and in that land's renown will alone be their remembrance.

Let us cherish those who remain to link the living with the dead. Of these, let one thought, to-day, rest on him, whose pen and fame this day has rendered immortal. With him, too, now that the bitter feuds of a bitter hour are forgotten, we may associate another, the venerable successor of our WASHINGTON. Here broke his morning radiance, and here yet linger his evening beams.

"Sure the last end of the good man is peace!"

"Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,

"Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.

"Behold him, in the eventide of life,

"A life, well-spent!"

"By unperceived degrees he wears away,

"Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!"

I look round in vain for two of your exalted patriots, who, on your last festival-day, sat here in the midst of you; for him, who then worthily wore the highest honours you could bestow, who in your name greeted your Nation's Guest, and took him by the hand and wept: for him, too, who devoted to your service a youth of courage, and an age of counsel; who long ruled over you in purity and wisdom, and then, gently shaking off his dignities, retired

to his native shades, laden with your love. They have both passed away, and the tongues that bade the "Apostle of Liberty" welcome, will never bid him farewell.

In the place of the Fathers shall be the children. To the seat which Eustis and Brooks adorned, the people of this state have united to elevate one, whom they have often delighted to honour. He sits where they sat, who were labouring in the vineyard before he was born. His name adds another bright stud to the golden scutcheon of the commonwealth. While his heart warms with honest pride at the confidence so flatteringly reposed in him, he will wisely remember what that confidence expects from him, in the discharge of his high trust. Chosen by all, he will govern for all; and thus sustaining his well-earned reputation, may he live long in the affection of a generous people.

I shall not omit, on this occasion, to congratulate you on the result of an election, which has recently raised to the highest station in your republic, one of your most distinguished citizens. While, however, the ardent wishes of so many have been crowned by this gratifying event, it is not to be forgotten, that there are those among us, men of pure and patriotic minds, who responded not Amen, to the general voice. I should be ashamed of the feelings which would insult theirs, by an unworthy exultation. The illustrious individual, whom the representatives of the nation have pronounced "most worthy," would be the first to frown upon it, as he has ever been among the first to acknowledge the merits of his exalted competitors. To the high-minded friends of these, in common with us all, this day and its rites belong; and I cannot violate the trust confided to me, I will not subject myself to a pang of regret, by the indulgence of language, which should send a single being from this place, with a less joyous spirit than he entered it. It is safer to be dull than bitter, and I had rather you would all be willing to forget the labour of this hour in charity, than that one among you should feel compelled to remember it in unkindness.

I have alluded to this event, not merely for the purpose of obtruding upon you the expression of personal gratification, but because it offers another striking proof of the stability of our free institutions. Since the strife of 1800, we have not witnessed so violent a contest as this, through which we have lately passed; yet now, how quiet are become the elements of discord. With a praiseworthy forbearance, all, or nearly all, have bowed to the expression of the public will, and seem determined, in the words of one of his accomplished rivals, to judge the ruler of the nation, "BY HIS MEASURES."

While this spirit triumphs, we have nothing to dread from the animosities of party. However turbulent, they will be harmless. Like the commotions of the physical world, they will be necessary. Far distant be the day, when it must be said of this country, that it has no parties, for it must be also said, if any one be bold enough

to say it, that it has no liberties. Let hawk-eyed jealousy be for ever on the alert, to watch the footsteps of power. Let it be courteous in language, but stern and unbending in principle. Whoever he may be, wherever he may be, that would strike at the people's rights, let him hear the people's voice, proclaiming that "whom it will, it can set up, and whom it will, it can set down."

Fear not party zeal, it is the salt of your existence. There are no parties under a despotism. There, no man lingers round a ballot-box; no man drinks the poison of a *licentious* press; no man plots *treason* at a debating society; no man distracts his head about the *science* of government. All there, is a calm, unruffled sea;—even a *dead sea* of black and bitter waters. But we move upon a living stream, for ever pure, for ever rolling. Its mighty tide sometimes flows higher, and rushes faster, than its wont, and as it bounds, and foams, and dashes along in sparkling violence, it now and then throws up its fleecy cloud; but this rises only to disappear, and as it fades away before the sun-beams of intelligence and patriotism, you behold upon its bosom the rainbow signal of returning peace, arching up to declare that there is no danger.

And now it is no vain speech, to say, the eyes of the world have been long upon us. For nearly fifty years we have run the glorious race of empire. Friends have gazed in fear, and foes in scorn; but fear is lost in joy, and scorn is turning to wonder. The *great experiment* has succeeded. Mankind behold the spectacle of a land, whose crown is wisdom, whose mitre is purity, whose heraldry is talent; a land, where public sentiment is supreme, and where every man may erect the pyramid of his own fair fame. They behold, they believe, and they will imitate. The day is coming, when thrones can no longer be supported by parchment rolls. It is not a leaf of writing, signed and sealed by *three* frail, mortal men, that can for ever keep down suffering millions; these will rise! they will point to *another scroll*; to that, of whose bold signers *our THREE** remain; *our THREE*, whose "alliance" was, indeed, a "holy" one, for it met the approving smile of a Holy God!

Many must suffer defeat, and many must taste of death, but freedom's battle will yet be fought and won. As heaven unbinds the intellect of man, his own right arm will rescue his body. Liberty will yet walk abroad in the gardens of Europe. Her hand will pluck the grapes of the south, her eye will warm the snow-drifts of the north. The crescent will go down in blood, from that "bright clime of battle and of song," for which He died, that noble Briton, that warrior-bard, who raised his generous arm like LA FAYETTE, who struck his golden lyre to La Fayette's great LEADER!

And to this young land will belong the praise. The struggling

* John Adams. Charles Carroll, Thomas Jefferson—the surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence.

nations point to our example, and in their own tongues repeat the cheering language of our sympathy. Already, when a master-spirit towers among them, they call him—*their* WASHINGTON. Along the foot of the Andes, they breathe in gratitude the name of CLAY;—by the ivy-buried ruins of the Parthenon, they bless the eloquence of WEBSTER!

FELLOW CITIZENS, my imperfect task is ended. I have told you an old tale, but you will forgive that, for it is one of your country's glory. You will forgive me that I have spoken of the simple creatures who were here from the beginning, for it was to tell you how much had been wrought for you by PIETY: you will forgive me that I have lingered round the green graves of the dead, for it was to remind you how much had been achieved for you by PATRIOTISM. Forgive me, did I say? Would you have forgiven me, if I had not done this? Could I, ought I, to have wasted this happy hour in cold and doubtful speculation, while your bosoms were bounding with the holy throb of gratitude? Oh! no!—it was not for that you came up hither. The groves of learning, the halls of wisdom, you have deserted; the crowded mart, the chambers of beauty, you have made solitary—that here, with free, exulting voices, before the only throne at which the free can bend, your hearts might pour forth their full, gushing tribute to the benefactors of your country.

On that country heaven's highest blessings are descending. I would not, for I need not, use the language of inflation; but the decree has gone forth; and as sure as the blue arch of creation is in beauty above us, so sure will it span the mightiest dominion that ever shook the earth. Imagination cannot outstrip reality, when it contemplates our destinies as a people. Where nature slept in her solitary loveliness, villages, and cities, and states, have smiled into being. A gigantic nation has been born. Labour and art are adorning, and science is exalting, the land that religion sanctified, and liberty redeemed. From the shores to the mountains, from the regions of frost to the vallies of eternal spring, myriads of bold and understanding men are uniting to strengthen a government of their own choice, and perpetuate the institutions of their own creation.

The germe wafted over the ocean, has struck its deep root in the earth, and raised its high head to the clouds.

Man looked in scorn, but Heaven beheld and blessed

Its branchy glories, spreading o'er the West.

No summer gaude, the wonder of a day,

Born but to bloom, and then to fade away,

A giant oak, it lifts its lofty form,

Greens in the sun, and strengthens in the storm.

Long in its shades shall children's children come,

And welcome earth's poor wanderers to a home.

Long shall it live, and every blast defy,

Till time's last whirlwind sweep the vaulted sky.

GAOL MATTERS.

WHILE a prisoner in this Gaol, it is a matter of course, that something will occasionally arise, that I may deem important to record; and that this something does not happen every week is rather owing to my forbearance than to the goodness of the Gaoler or of the Dorsetshire magistrates. There has been a fracas of late; but the Mags and the Gaoler have managed to keep me long ignorant of the particulars. That I have uniformly spoken favourably of the kindness of the turnkeys towards me, my readers know well; but they have not shewn that kindness without frequent abuse and threats of discharge from the Gaoler for it. A hundred things have been imputed, which never did pass between us; for yellow-eyed jealousy distorts and distrusts every movement. Here and every where I lay down a rule, to have no secrets; and, on this ground, I laugh my local persecutors to scorn and shame, and see them agitated with a thousand unfounded suppositions of intrigue which they cannot fathom, because it is one of their spiritual phantoms and has no other existence. This makes them the more uneasy, and it is a sort of triumph over such men, to agitate without convincing them.

I saw, within a few weeks of entering this Gaol, what sort of men I had to deal with, and I flatter myself, that I have managed them admirably; so much so, that I shall leave them very different men in their conduct towards me from what I found them. They are united, Gaoler and Magistrates, in both offensive and defensive alliance, against any assault of mine; but I now and then shock them by a slight explosion, as a preparation for that which is finally to come. In this, I have a very delicate game to play, so as not to give them an opportunity to crow over me, and so far, I have well managed it. They would have made the turnkeys insult and quarrel with me, if they could, and steps have been taken to provoke it; but I can always distinguish between an insult direct and indirect, and never make the servant responsible for the act of the master. Their little haughtinesses have wondered how it is that I have uniformly agreed so well with all but themselves. I will now tell them, that it is by treating the servants as persons, in my view, of equal consequence with, and of more respectability than, their masters.

Another rule of conduct, and, on moral grounds, I never allow any one to make rules for my conduct but myself, which I have laid down, with reference to my situation in the gaol, has been, not to offer communications to any prisoner; but not to refuse to receive and answer any when made to me. I find it a difficult point to observe this rule rigidly, to leave an impression on those about me, that I am disposed to treat them with civility. Since I was desired by the magistrates not to throw my

newspapers among the prisoners, I have been repeatedly asked to do it by new comers and have repeatedly stated the reasons why I could not prudently do it, always referring the enquirer to the visiting magistrates for an order. Though, I must say, that, I do not think the withholding of any kind of information, instruction, or literary or even controversial amusement from the prisoners, at all creditable on the part of the magistrates, or in accordance with the existing law of this country. Indeed, I will go so far as to say, that it is criminal, to withhold any kind of knowledge from any man, woman, or child, and the more so to a prisoner; because, there is some evidence of the absence of useful knowledge with the generality of prisoners, and their situations are such, that, if their time be not usefully occupied, they will be communicating their vices to each other. As one step to this end, I should be very glad to be allowed to throw my newspapers among them. My experience in this prison has assured me, that the moral improvement of the prisoners requires a very different treatment to that which they now obtain: indeed, I go so far as to say, that there is no moral improvement of the prisoners in this gaol, and that even the law of the country on that head is not complied with by the Magistrates: a fact, of which, I am about to adduce some evidence.

Another difficulty, which I have to struggle with is, that, many of the prisoners have a notion that I can give them useful information on their individual cases, and some of them will break through all Barriers to seek that information; others, more timid, will silently fret at the want of the opportunity; for, in a Gaol, a demand is made on our courtesy and sympathy to admit, that a man not absolutely a professed felon, is injured and imprisoned for maintaining a right cause. But I suggest nothing on this head: nor do I ask any thing; preferring to meddle with general rather than with individual grievances.

A third point is, that I have been often asked to give or lend my own particular publications to the prisoners. This I have invariably refused: not, that I am not sure that such prisoners would not be benefited, both morally and mentally by them; but, because, I know it is a point where the authorities of the Gaol have prejudices; and though my general conduct is a warfare with prejudices, it is an open warfare. Though I wish to have my publications read by all, I had rather wait until they were sought and could be openly obtained than offer them secretly. I scorn secrecy, in all its shapes, and put it down in the list of vices.

This is saying a great deal after a six years residence in a Gaol, with such a Gaoler, and in my individual case I may add with such Visiting Magistrates; for, to speak figuratively on a figurative subject, and without meaning to be more offensive than to state a plain matter of fact, I believe, that new lights

have flashed upon many minds, that a discovery has lately been religiously made, that all that can be denominated evil is not to be concentrated in the word devil, and that his satanic majesty would not be an objectionable ally, if he would make common cause against those who have made war upon his kingdom, as well as upon that feigned to exist elsewhere.

A Materialist sees every thing denominated spiritual to be figurative; therefore, to crack a joke upon the subject, cannot, in him, be fairly deemed offensive. He knows, that he plays with phantoms, with a new phantasmagoria, or a species of moral magic lanthorn.

I sec, that I am full of digressions; but I am become so much of a Freemason as to keep them within a circle, to work by the compasses, to make them all bear alike upon a centre. I must write, if nobody will read. I have nothing else to do. The propensity in me to scribble is not so much of a phrenological origin, as a habit generated by those who sent me to this Gaol, by my persecutors.—To the question.

A word with the Gaoler for imputing unwarrantably to me a disposition for private or secret correspondence. I could almost make him believe that I am a conjuror, if conjuring days were not gone by, with the gradual fall of spiritualism, by reminding him of some little points in his secret correspondence about me, of the coming of which to my knowledge he does not dream. In matters of secret correspondence, he has been bred up even to espionage; even to be a very mouton. But I have not. I have never held a secret correspondence with any human being. I hold it to be a vice and I challenge the very ARGUS of this gaol, and all the ARGUSES in the country, to contradict what I say on this head. I dislike even an anonymous correspondent, though the practice is at present politically prudent with some. I abominate all secret associations, from that of Freemasonry, of which the king is the grand patron, down to those of the pot-house or the tea-table, which are held for purposes of scandal. I wish to see them all abolished and all mankind working openly to mutual improvement, benefit and brotherhood. On this point, and on this alone, are all my labours and sufferings concentrated, and so shall they continue, persecute who will or who can.

One great defect in the management of this Gaol has been, that there have never been hands enough, as turnkeys, or officers or servants, to do the work necessary to be done; and the evil of this defect has fallen wholly upon the prisoners. Dinners have been taken to the bakehouse, to be ready at one o'clock, and the prisoners for whom they were prepared have had the satisfaction to wait until six and receive them cold, perhaps spoiled in the oven. In other cases, there has been a difficulty to obtain common necessaries from the town, and the prisoners have had to wait twenty four hours for articles wanted as food at the moment.

I confess, that, if any thing of this kind has happened to me, it has been rare, and rather an oversight in a multitude of errands than from carelessness. Individually, or for myself, on this head, I have no complaint. When I first came to the Gaol, there were but two turnkeys, the one to be at the gate and the other to fetch errands. The Gaoler called these men his servants, and they were made men of all work, for his private as well as his public services, to feed, kill and clean pigs, to milk the cow, often at a distance from the Gaol, and to do all sorts of domestic errands. In all cases, the prisoners have been a secondary consideration. This was long the state of Mr. Peel's best managed Gaol, and what made the matter worse was, that the Magistrates and Gaoler had many whims, ridiculous whims, which were peculiar to themselves. Rare indeed was it for either of these turnkeys to get a regular meal, and the only rest they could obtain for sixteen, or, in the summer, eighteen hours, was such time as they could steal for the alehouse, at the risk of the Gaolers abuse, if found absent. Now, the number of turnkeys may be considered four, and the pretty rules of the Gaol make one of them necessary to be ready to answer my call. But I wish it to be understood, that I have every ground to be perfectly satisfied with my treatment in the Gaol, when comparing it with what it has been. There are whims remaining; but so many have worn out, that I can overlook the remainder.

The subject of the late fracas, in which I have been merely an involuntary, or unconscious actor, will be gathered from the correspondence to follow. It has entirely grown out of the turbulent, ruffianly character of the Gaoler, and has produced a result which I neither desired nor expected, in the discharge of my favourite turnkey, a favourite only by his willing slavery and the great confidence which I held in him for any assistance wanted. But I am fully persuaded, that some lurking suspicions, with regard to his good will towards me, rather than the excuse assigned, have been the cause of his discharge.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY.

Dorchester Gaol, August 7, 1825.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIPS,
THOUGH your Lordships have been and still are my tyrants and my robbers, as members of his Majesty's administration of government, I am much too *noble* to allow that your Lordships are *my Lords*, at the end of six years imprisonment.

The purpose of this application is not *self*; for any further application as to self, after your Lordships' answer to the one in No. 20. Vol XII.

1822, I disdain. Nor is it to be understood, that the smugglers in Dorchester Gaol have selected me as their advocate, in application to your Lordships. Had such been the case, I should have said:—"My good fellows, you will have a bad advocate. I have no influence in boroughs; nor am I *yet* in the House of Commons to give their Lordships a vote. All other interest is too dull to ascend the treasury steps. Justice, morality, nothing can get up those steps but parliamentary influence. Besides, there are other circumstances, which to be figurative, would make your selection of me as your advocate, like sending the devil on an embassy to heaven; an utterly hopeless commission, unless you could back him with sufficient power to demand what he wanted: then, I'll warrant you, that he will find the face to do it."

But, I pray your Lordships to consider the case of the smugglers in Dorchester Gaol, without considering the medium through which that case comes: and then, as I soon mean to be an avowed atheistical member of the House of Commons, I will give your Lordships an occasional vote as an acknowledgment.

It will be seen by No. 1, that No. 2 was not written to be forwarded to your Lordships; but under the impression that I could get it published so as it should come indirectly under your Lordships' notice. I see nothing in the matter that claims publication as an individual case; but much that is entitled to your Lordships' attention. No. 4 is particularly worthy of notice though brief: and, of No. 1, I can say, that it is well understood in a Gaol, that complaint finds additional punishment instead of redress. As nothing can be added to my punishment, I have nothing to fear on that head. The statements of all the papers, I am well assured are correct, from my own direct observation, excepting that I have never seen the manner in which the men see their wives at the lodge of the Gaol.

The case of locking up the man for singing was a most ruffianly case on the part of the Gaoler, which I witnessed. No men could be more quiet and orderly than they were, unless they were absolutely gagged and chained fast. Out of thirty in the yard, the bulk were in sober conversation at one end. Three or four were sitting on a stool in the middle of the yard before their day room. One of those three or four was singing, not boisterously but melodiously. The Gaoler entered the yard and ordered him off to the refractory cell, which was darkened upon him and must have been a state of slow suffocation on that very hot day.

The rules of the Gaol set aside those refractory cells for more serious offences or outrages on the part of the prisoners. But I hope that your Lordships will see with me, even if you dislike singing or happy prisoners, that in the scale of offence, it must approach very near to Zero. While this man was locked up, the other prisoners were singing with impunity, unconscious of offence.

It is a point that neither can nor ought to be prevented. It is no more an offence than speaking.

I am your Lordships' most strenuous opponent, not, never will be, a member of "the opposition;" when I enter the House of Commons, I will take my seat on the "treasury side" and never oppose your Lordships, but in defence of good principles, better principles of government than those your Lordships support; and so, your Lordships' most strenuous opponent on principles of government, not personally, because you are *in* and I am *out* of office, though you are *out* of and I am *in* a Gaol at your suit.

RICHARD CARLILE.

P. S. I have learnt that the name of the smuggler who was put into the dark cell for singing is Henry Hardy.

No. 1.—A PAPER DELIVERED TO ME, JULY 22, 1825,
BY ONE OF THE MEN IN THE SMUGGLER'S YARD.

SIR,

I BEG to be excused for making so bold, as to trouble you; but you see in what manner we are used, and that we were locked up for nothing. If we make our complaint to the magistrates, they are all agreed; so behave how they please to us, we cannot get any redress, and if we should petition the Lords of the Treasury, we are afraid we shall be punished for so doing. But if you could instruct us how to proceed, to put our complaint in action so as it may be publicly known, and that they may be made ashamed of it, we shall feel ourselves for ever obliged to you. And if you can do any thing for us, we will write our complaint and give it to you. If you say *yes*, we will write out our complaint to morrow, and if *no*, say nothing about it.

N. B. All of it to be done private.

Yours, &c.

This paper had no signature but a mark like a figure 1. On reading it, I went back to the man and told him to write what he thought proper, but cautioned him strictly not to put down any thing that was not true. He was rather alarmed at my open manner of speaking to him and said:—"Sir, we don't want all in the yard to know it." I answered, "very well, I do nothing privately, you can do as you think proper." Some days after, or on the 26th, No. 2 was put into my hands.

No. 2.

First, we should like it to be made known to the Lords of the Treasury, what a difference is made in the Gaol between we who

are fined and they who are exchequered for smuggling. They are put into the debtor's yard for the same offence as we are put into this. Theirs is called a debt and ours a fine; but money will discharge either of them. Therefore, we cannot see why there should be so much difference made between a fine and a debt for one and the same crime. The difference must be certainly in the word, it cannot be any thing else, when our crimes are alike. If it was rightly looked into, we are of opinion, that we who are used the worst ought to be used the best, if any difference be made; because, we are taken without any resistance against the officers and brought to prison at their pleasure: whilst they who are exchequered stand trial and beat off the officers who attack them. After that, if they are known by the said officers, their case is thrown into the Court of Exchequer and then they are used as debtors, which is as follows:

DEBTOR'S COURT.

They are allowed to buy what they please to eat and drink, and are allowed to have their wives and friends into their yard seven hours in a day to converse with them. They are allowed to dance or sing, to amuse themselves with their friends, are not locked up winter or summer before ten o'clock at night, and are allowed to have fire and candle light.

SMUGGLER'S YARD.

But the usage of this our yard is quite the reverse. We are allowed to buy any thing to eat, but not to drink, except small beer or water. We are not allowed to have candle light, winter or summer; but are locked up all the year through shortly after sun set. If our wives or friends come to see us, they are not allowed to come any further than the entrance of the Gaol, and there to stand, shut up in an iron cage. Then, we, prisoners, whom they want to see, are had down to see them, and we are locked up in another iron cage, at the distance of twelve or fourteen feet from them. Then there stands the Keeper, or one of the turnkeys, to hear what we have to say to each other, and we are not allowed to go there but once in a day; so, if we have two friends, they must come and see us together, or they cannot see us in the same day.

We are not allowed to have any kind of amusement in this yard. If we have a letter sent to us, it is very often broken open before it comes to the person to whom it is addressed. And all parcels are broken open before they are brought up into the yard to the persons to whom they belong. To make short of the matter, there is no difference made between us and the felons, or a man who has committed ever so bad a crime.

One evening, a man in this yard was singing a song a little loud; but not with contempt, nor thinking he should offend. The keeper heard him, came in a hasty passion and ordered his turnkeys to lock him up in a dungeon. The man said:—"Sir, I hope you will forgive me; for I did not know that I should offend." But he would not. So the man was locked up immediately in a stinking dungeon, where he spent that evening and the whole night in a state of suffocation. The stink of the place, the warmth of the weather, and want of air, caused him to walk nearly the whole night naked, with a handkerchief fanning his face to get air to live. About nine o'clock in the morning, the turnkey came to him, which was on the 20th of July, and he asked him to send up the keeper, which he did. As soon as he came, the prisoner asked to be liberated, or to be moved into another cell; for, where he was, he could scarcely live. His answer was: "no, he should not do any such thing, until he had sent for a magistrate," and shut the door and left him. The prisoner remained in this state from the 19th until the 21st in the morning.

The same evening, his brother prisoners refused to be locked up in their respective sleeping cells, unless the keeper would be pleased to liberate the prisoner, whom he had put in solitary confinement for nothing, but he would not; and after that, they were locked up as usual. Next morning, he kept eighteen of them locked up in their sleeping cells, upon bread and water, until a magistrate came in, which was nearly all the day, and then they were taken before the magistrates and obliged to own themselves in a fault, when they were not, to prevent further punishment. So this is our complaint, which can be witnessed by nearly thirty persons.

Sir, we cannot hear that they are used so in any prison in England except this, and if you please, you can mend the stating of this.

Calculating, that, if they wrote a plaintive paper, they would not do it in a formal manner, I wrote the following questions, as a guide for them, which they did not get until I had read No. 2.

No. 3.

1st. Are any means for instruction or improvement in writing, arithmetic or reading offered to you by the authorities of the Gaol, as required of them by a new act of parliament?

2nd. Are all means of recreative amusement, or of bathing, in hot or cold baths, denied to you?

3rd. Do you find any difficulty in obtaining necessaries from the town, and do you obtain them at fair prices?

4th. Have you any other fair ground of complaint, which you cannot get redressed?

RICHARD CARLILE.

Dorchester Gaol, July 26, 1825.

No. 4.

This brought the following answer.

1st. As to instruction offered to us, we have none whatever.

2nd. As to any kind of amusement, we are not allowed any, And as to bathing, we never asked them for it.

3rd. As to the articles, we give above the market price for many things. We give now ninepence halfpenny for a quartern loaf and we hear it is sold in the town for ninepence. And many other things which we cannot answer you until we have enquired.

The locking up of the man for singing was an outrage upon the rules of the Gaol, rendered tenfold more grievous by the state of the weather at the time. I happened to be a spectator of the circumstance of taking the man out of the yard, and I thought at the time, that the wrong person was about to be punished; but unluckily for prisoners, as for subjects outside, Gaolers and Turnkeys in a Gaol, like a King out, can do no wrong towards those under them. With the exception of this single act of singing, and the tone of that was any thing but offensive, nothing could exceed the good order of all the men in that yard at the moment. Every man in the yard felt the outrage, and it seems, that they shewed that they felt it, at their time of locking up. And though their momentary refusal to be locked up was a wrong means, it was clearly meant to express nothing more than a sense of injury.

Singing, I perceive, is forbidden by the rules; but no one can justly call it one of those *serious* offences for which the refractory cells are held in terrorem. If it must be called an offence, and I do not demur to it, as I am not qualified to offend on that ground, surely, the nearer it is placed in the scale to Zero, the nearer it will be to moral fitness. I heard the prisoners singing almost throughout the time that this singer was placed in a state of suffocation for it. A man, who has a throat for singing, breaks out like a bird. It is natural, and though by no means agreeable to me unless melodious, I cannot place it in my list of vices. I like to see men cheerful, though not brawling and noisy fools. I like to see them at recreative amusement, and think, that it ought to be allowed in this as in other gaols. In a Gaol, it is an essential to health; for, where both body and mind are cramped, it is almost impossible, that there can be health. The practice of terror, as a punishment, is now almost confined to that abominable old school which wars with all change and improvement. Better principles have developed that knowledge of right and wrong will moralize better than the tread-mill or the lash, and that bad habits cannot be eradicated by torture, can only be eradicated by the substitution of better to be obtained from increased knowledge.

Whether or not the Gaoler and Magistrates suspected that the

discharged turnkey, Thomas Bunn, had been instrumental in the correspondence between me and the strugglers, I know not; but the first effect that came to my knowledge was his discharge. Afterwards, I learnt, that the Lords of the Treasury had transmitted my communication to Mr. Peel and he to the Visiting Magistrates immediately on its receipt. The matter was kept a secret, though the Gaoler gave evidence for weeks that a storm was about to burst on the head of this Thomas Bunn and his wife, who, after twelve years services, and faithful services, were turned out of the Gaol, at a few hours notice, with five children and another near at hand. The Gaoler told them that "they might thank their friend Carlile for it;" whilst the ground assigned by the magistrates was that the husband had made a profit on the bread delivered to the prisoners, a circumstance which has uniformly been the case, and which was well known to the Gaoler; for he too, through the medium of this same turnkey, has sold bacon, milk, butter and potatoes to the prisoners. And after the exposure it was suffered to go on for two months. On hearing the particulars, I sent the magistrates the following report.

A REPORT TO THE WORSHIPFUL MAGISTRATES OF
THE COUNTY OF DORSET IN SESSION ASSEMBLED,
OCTOBER THE 19th, 1825, BY RICHARD CARLILE, A
PRISONER IN THE COUNTY GAOL.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR WORSHIPS,

WHEN the Visiting Magistrates visited me on the 14th inst, I truly stated, that I had no complaints *for* them; always remembering, that my complaints have uniformly been *of* the visiting and other Magistrates, to judge of which, they, of course, cannot presume to be a competent tribunal. Nor did I then hold an intention to make this report, of the main point of which I was then ignorant. But, having heard, that my name has been, by the Gaoler, mingled with and assigned as the cause of the discharge of Thomas Bunn and his wife from their situations in this Gaol, and having before had to sustain many false and painful imputations from this Gaoler, I have resolved to expose him, in this instance, and, in some other matters, to shew, that he is more in fault than I or Thomas Bunn and his wife.

I have heard, that the ostensible cause assigned for the dismissal of Thomas Bunn is, that he has made a halfpenny or something per loaf profit on the bread purchased for the prisoners.

If this be the true state of the case, am I to be blamed, as the cause of his dismissal, for putting the question of the kind to the

prisoners, and for transmitting their answer to authorities in London, from which, I knew, attention could be alone commanded, and are the Gaoler and Visiting Magistrates to escape all censure, who have not only suffered this affair to be carried on for years, ever since Thomas Bunn has been in the Gaol, and for aught that appears to the contrary, ever since the Gaol has been inhabited; but have positively encouraged it, by confining the officers of the Gaol to mere nominal wages, which implied, that they were to make what they could from the prisoners?

I detected the Matron of the Gaol in 1821, in taking a profit of two pence per pound on the sugar which she bought for me and Mrs. Carlile, and I also know, that this was not a solitary instance.

I examined her upon the subject, in as delicate a manner as I could, and she confessed, that, since she and her husband had been interrupted in keeping a shop in the Gaol, the Grocer had allowed them a penny discount, in every shilling, in the discount I saw nothing wrong; but cautioned her not to put on more profit on mine, or any other prisoner's errands, and that she was bound to supply us, as we could purchase for ourselves if at liberty. I did not make the open charge; but it was so done, that she understood my meaning and pleaded guilty, with the excuse, that their wages were merely nominal, and that they could not live without a profit on their shoppings. I enquired her wages, as matron, and, to my great astonishment, she said, only five shillings per week! Immediately, I felt, that all the blame or crime that there was lay with the Gaoler or Visiting Magistrates. I felt, that the tax on the prisoners was, by one or more of them, encouraged. It was not only their duty, one and all, to see, that the prisoners were fairly dealt with; but to see, that the officers of the Gaol had competent wages to raise them above these petty thefts.

Public officers, we must have, and it is the duty of those who appoint them, not only to see that they are competent to the duties of their offices, but that they are respectable, and that they have means or salaries sufficient to keep them respectable. Without those means, defaults lie at the doors of those who appoint and pay them. With those means, defaults become most serious crimes—crimes that should be punished in the most deterring manner: for they are not only robberies or unjust oppressions, but breaches of trust, the most dishonourable of all crimes.

I am about to shew, that, in the case of Thomas Bunn and his wife, they are almost faultless, and that the fault committed lies wholly with the Gaoler or Magistrates: I think with both.

At the time, that I thus detected and received the excuse of the matron as to her wages, she informed me, that Mr. Morton Pitt had many years before examined her about her wages, and would scarcely believe that she had wages so small as five shil-

lings per week, and asked her if she did not also get her board from the Gaoler. He was told *no*. He must have seen and the Gaoler must have seen, that, with this five shillings a week, she had a young increasing family or a child every other year, and, in consequence of her office of matron, was obliged to keep a servant girl. He also knew, that, with such wages, in such a condition, in the course of five or six years, Thomas Bunn was able to bank a hundred pounds, or two years complete wages for himself and wife. An arithmetical head might have easily seen how this was done: the poor prisoners suffered for it.

I called the attention of Mr. Morton Pitt to the circumstance in November 1823, in a printed letter, and did the same with the High Sheriff, Mr. Garland, in August 1824; but I cannot learn, that any alteration has been made in the wages of the matron and other turnkeys of this Gaol; though the Gaol Act of 1823, requires, that the Magistrates shall fix the wages of the turnkeys, &c. The matron of the Cold Bath Fields Prison, in London, has £150. per year, and, to my knowledge, has not the half of Mrs. Bunn's work or the work of the matron of this Gaol.

I have never heard, that the wages of any man employed in this place exceeded 14s. per week.

These are not wages to keep an honest man honest in such a place. Indeed, if I may follow the expenditure of the county, as I have seen it printed in the county papers, I should say, that the Gaoler has no salary adequate to his situation. I have seen it printed at £312, per year for self and all his subordinate officers, including the matron with her five shillings a week. Here is the evil. You, the Magistrates, farm the management of the Gaol to the Gaoler, at the lowest price, that a mean spirited man will take it; he screws his wages to servants down to the lowest turn and all screw what they can from the prisoners and every other way. This should not be.

Detestable in manners as I hold this Gaoler to be, I have no scruple to say, that, if he continues a man to your taste, he ought to have a clear salary of four or five hundred a year, and not to be allowed to make a sixpence in any way from the prisoners. The old system of fees is justly getting its explosion. It has been one uniform system of extortion and oppression. Every public officer ought to have a salary equal to his labour and responsibility and have no dependance on fees.

I notice, that the Magistrates of Lincolnshire have bought up the beds which the Gaoler of that County hired out to prisoners, and I would recommend the same thing to the Magistrates of Dorset. Let the prisoners, as to their expenditure, have the same benefit of competition, as when at large. The present charge of 3s. per week for a bed by the Gaoler of this Gaol is extravagant.

My inference from these circumstances is, that both Gaoler and Magistrates have been perfectly aware, that the officers of the

Gaol extracted the bulk of their incomes from the prisoners : and that this truly industrious and honest couple, Thomas Bunn and his wife, have been made the victims of an accidental exposure ; the mere scape-goats for the sins of others, who should have remedied the matter before, or never have suffered it to exist.

The Chaplain of this Gaol has, alone, a salary adequate to his office, and he, a wholly useless and mischievous officer, a man appointed to preach vice to vicious men.

Had the magistrates ever treated me in a decent manner, had they ever done any thing for me, by which I could respect them, had they ever done their duty to me, I would never have carried a complaint out of the Gaol, until it had remained unredressed after a respectful submission of it to them ; but I feel with them as with the Gaoler and Doctor, that I cannot respect them and myself at the same time, and my duty, I take to be, to respect myself at all hazards.

In August last, I had sketched the draft of a letter to the magistrates, to transmit to them *first* copies of the papers which one of the smugglers had put into my hand, and which I have learnt have come back to the Magistrates from London, as I expected and wished ; but the circumstance of interrupting the cleaning of my room, in the manner in which it had been done above a year, dissuaded me from an application, where every thing in the shape of a complaint has been scouted, and where I see a disposition to suppress by terror all complaints, that Mr. Peel may continue to call this the best managed Gaol in the country, which, from my secret thoughts, I think to be the worst managed Gaol in the country.

The uncouth, the miserable disposition of the Gaoler is enough to ensure bad management, whatever may be the regulations of the Magistrates. So long as the Magistrates and Gaoler can suppress complaints, they say *well* ; but I think it well only when they can say to any respectable enquirer, you are welcome to come and see how we manage matters. There should be no secrecy in a public institution of this kind ; for, in all public institutions, secrecy implies that which will not bear the light.

If this Gaol be well managed, why should the Magistrates exhibit a dread of my getting a knowledge of that management ? If well managed, why should they order the turnkeys not to answer me a question, and to keep so close to my heels, that no prisoner shall by possibility make a communication to me ? If well managed, why all this dread, all this secrecy. What am I to think, and what will others think of that policy that imputes to a turnkey, that, to take a newspaper from my hand to look at, an offence scarcely pardonable, next to the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. If well managed, how is it that I could never hear either turnkey or prisoner acknowledge it during six years residence ? And why should the Magistrates now fear a

visit from Thomas Bunn to me, when perhaps, his bread depends upon that visit.

Stevens, the turnkey, who was lately discharged, had been a turnkey in two other prisons; that of Fisherton and that of Devizes. This man was in the Gaol many weeks before I exchanged a dozen words with him. But one day while in the garden with me he thus addressed me. "Sir, I hope no offence, but, last night, after I had been out with you, I was standing at the door, looking for a word in a pocket dictionary, that there had been a dispute about in the bakehouse, and the Governor came up and asked me if Carlile had given me one of his books. I said no, it was a dictionary of my own. Oh, says he, I thought he might have given you one of his books. Sir, I don't know what these books of yours are, I hear a great deal about them, and should like to see one of them." Well, Stevens, said I, now the Gaolers rankling suspicions have roused your curiosity, and you say that you wish to see and to know what my books are, I will take care that you shall be supplied; but, observe, that with you, as with every other person, I have not intruded them. No, Sir, says he I should not have thought of asking you if the Gaoler had not asked me if you had given me one."

This same turnkey, from that time, became anxiously communicative, and your worships may be assured, that, he is the only turnkey who ever did make any particular communication to me, as to the management of the Gaol. Had he stopped a few months longer, I would have shewn Mr. Peel a pretty specimen of his "best managed Gaol."

Stevens, at different times, said, that he saw, almost daily, things done in this Gaol, which would not have passed in those in which he had lived before. He stated two specific cases, which he thought illegal, and to which I now call the attention of the Magistrates in Session; cases which, I engage, are not to be found in the report of the Visiting Magistrates.

The first case is that of William Hookey, who, he informed me was kept by the Gaoler, *wilfully*, a day beyond his time. He stated the case thus:—Hookey's time was up on the Monday, as I understood. He was not duly discharged. Robinson, the turnkey, spake to the Gaoler towards the afternoon about this man, saying, that he believed his time was up that day and that he had not been discharged. The Gaoler's answer was, in his usual sullen way, for he can be civil to no one under him. Oh, well, I shall keep him until to-morrow now." I state the affair precisely as it was communicated to me unasked: and what I have seen of the Gaoler makes me easily credit it; for I do not hold him fit to be a keeper of dogs, if improvement be sought.

The second case is, that a man of the name of Hooper was kept in a refractory cell forty hours without food. On further inquiry, I was told, that the man certainly was in the refractory

cell forty hours without food; but that he ate his three pound loaf in the first eight of forty-eight hours. Still, though the rules of the Gaol would not have supplied him with more bread for the next forty hours, if he remained in his yard, I submit, that he was entitled to a pound or a pound and half on the day that he was locked up without any. Had he remained in the yard, he might have eaten his two days bread in one day, with a view of buying more on the second; but as he was locked up, he became a new prisoner in that condition, and his means of buying, borrowing or begging food were removed. He was entitled to a new consideration as to food. I asked, if the Gaoler was informed by a turnkey of this man's case, and was answered in the affirmative, and that he would not allow him bread in the cell, until the forty-eight hours were up from the delivery of the former loaf.

These are statements, of the truth or falsehood of which, the Magistrates have an easy means of enquiry, and if true, they shew, for they are but two of almost daily occurrences with this Gaoler, that he is totally unfit to have any power entrusted to him in such a place. I have long made up my mind upon this subject, and have long proclaimed it, and could I have had a Stevens to communicate to me the real management of this "best managed Gaol," I would have had the Gaoler out of it years ago.

Whilst in the heat of communication, I will mention another little matter, which adds to the same species of illustration of his character. Mrs. Wright, who has been identified with me in my publishing career, lately came to visit me. She is a little mild and particularly civil woman, unless insulted. On meeting the Gaoler to ask admission, he said, you must send a letter to Mr. Carlile to know if he wishes to see you. Oh, Sir, she said, Mr. Carlile wants no letter from me; I know he wishes to see me. Ah, but I want a letter from him to that effect was his answer. Well, Sir, will you allow me to write my name in your office to send to Mr. Carlile? Certainly not, certainly not, I shall allow no such thing, was his answer. She knew, beforehand, the character she was about to meet in the Gaoler; but here was a woman, a perfect stranger to all in Dorchester, puzzled what to do. Every turnkey at hand blushed for his master, a dog would have blushed had he understood it. Mrs. Wright had to go back into the town, to buy paper and beg ink and pen, to tell me that she was at the gate; when the person, who brought her name on paper, might have brought it verbally, if that ridiculous custom were necessary. I have never asked it, and look upon it as a designed annoyance.

Let us suppose Mrs. Wright incapable of writing and an entire stranger in Dorchester, running from house to house, asking strangers to write her a letter, and lastly obliged to resort to an attorney, who are the only professional letter writers. What a fuss to gratify a base fellow! Suppose a little further, that she had

no money; then she might have begged her way back to London, or have come to one of your worships for a pass; because she could not get her name communicated to me! Which of your worships does not blush at an identification with such a Gaoler? This is not the only case of the kind.

Public officers take public wages, and they of all men owe a regular civility to every individual of that public. If the Gaoler required Mrs. Wright to write her name to me, it was a duty on his part to have afforded her the means to do it, particularly, when there was every convenience for that purpose at hand of public materials. To send her back into the town for such a purpose was an outrage upon all social and official intercourse and official duty. I will thank the Magistrates to enquire by whose orders such a practice was instituted. In the written order for my visitors, made in December 1823, there are no instructions of the kind. And I have never asked any thing of the kind. Whilst the practice has occasioned much unnecessary and frivolous trouble, and much of insult to my visitors.

To conclude with the case of Thomas Bunn and his wife, I wish to testify, as a matter of duty on my part, that, with the exception of being thus left to make up their living by a tax on the prisoners, I never saw a more industrious and more virtuous couple, I never saw more faithful servants, and I could almost challenge the country to match them for good qualities as servants. It has come to my knowledge, that the Gaoler has often accused Thomas Bunn of improper attentions to me; and, in particular, at the time of interrupting the manner in which I got my room cleaned. In his rage, then, he accused him of admitting improper persons to see me, which was a vile fabrication; at the same time he accused Robinson, of making secret communications to me, which was as vile and false.

I declare to your worships and I challenge the experience of the Gaoler to contradict me, that Thomas Bunn never did an act for me that was a breach of his fidelity to his employer. He was always very kind in the way of attentions to my parcels and letters, which are the things of the most consequence to me; but there never was a secret between us, nor have I ever had a secret with any person in the Gaol.

I have much cause to fear false report before a tribunal that hears but one party or one side of a case, and I have had many reasons for concluding, that such false reports have not only been made by the Gaoler and Visiting Magistrates at the Sessions; but that they have been sent to the Secretary of State; for Mr. Peel has stated many untruths as to my conduct in the House of Commons and has excluded all subsequent inquiry or explanation.

No man ever lived, that strived to be more correct at all points than myself. I may err, I may adopt erroneous conclusions;

mities. Thomas Paine has been misrepresented, calumniated, slandered, belied, by Christians and Royal slaves, dupes and parasites. The No. of The Republican which I now send will place his character in its true light and the vilifyings of his enemies will be converted to corruscations of his worth. Were I not convinced that Thomas Paine was the most useful political and theological writer and actor that has passed through life, I would not espouse him, for I am in search of, not this or that man, but the best principles, truth in any shape.

In addition to the testimonies collected by Mr. John Fellows as to the real character of Thomas Paine in his old age, I can here add the testimony of one of his executors, which I copy from the Examiner Newspaper :

LAST MOMENTS OF THOMAS PAINE.

Mr. Morton, one of Mr. Paine's executors, gives the following account of the last moments of that extraordinary individual;—"In his 72d, year, and but a few months before his death, his mental faculties continued vigorous and his memory so retentive as to repeat verbatim whole sentences, either in prose or verse, of any thing striking which he had either read or heard; this he always did with great ease and grace.—about six months before his death, after his limbs became so feeble that he could scarcely move, he told me, that he felt the decay of nature fast increasing, adding, that he might possibly survive six or even twelve months, but that it could not extend much beyond that, and he feared nothing but being reduced to a bed-ridden state: incapable of helping himself.—In his religious opinions he continued to the last as steadfast and tenacious as any sectarian to his own definition of his creed; he never indeed broached the subject first; but to inquisitive visitors, who came to try him on that point, his general answer was to this effect:—'My opinions are before the world; all have an opportunity to refute them if they can. I believe them to be unanswerable truths, and that I have done great service to mankind by boldly putting them forth—I do not wish to argue on the subject. I have laboured disinterestedly in the cause of truth.' I shook his hand after the use of speech was gone; but while the other organs told me that he sufficiently knew me and appreciated my affection, his eyes glistened with genius under the pangs of death! The proper-

ty left by Mr. Paine consisted of a farm at New Rochelle, valued at 8,460 dollars, given to him by the state of New-York for his political services, and about 1,600 dollars in money, and debts due to him, making altogether 10,000 dollars."

Here is ample proof to set at nought all the lying religious tracts that have been circulated by millions against the character of Thomas Paine. These religious tracts are a disgrace to your kingdom and so is the imprisonment of

Sir, your prisoner,

Not the law's prisoner,

RICHARD CARLILE.

ERRATA.

These are yet the fashion in *The Republican*, and, last week, by merely substituting a *p* for an *f*, in *refutation*, in the letter to the Editor of the *New Times*, I was made to say, that I did not care about reputation! The cause of this sad, bad work is, that the persons who have printed for me in chief for these last five years, were not, nor can they become, qualified to manage the composition and reading part of printing. The fact is, that, in some measure, I was obliged to make printers of people who had not been brought up to any thing like it, and they sought boys instead of men to assist them. Their dispositions have been as good as my own, and I am allowed to say, as an appeal to the gallantry of my readers, that, all the faults lie with an excellent woman, provided, that I allow her to possess every other accomplishment. In 1820, I could scarcely find a regular printer to work for me; now, there are but few who would refuse; so, in a few weeks, I shall be connected with some competent masters. The projected joint stock company bids fair to make my printing equal to that of any house in London.

R. C,